

BIG ARRIVAL —OF— FALL GOODS AT LOPEZ'S!

We are now prepared to interest you, and when it comes to styles and low prices, we claim to be the leaders. We are showing an elegant line of Fall Dress Goods and Trimmings.

Bargains In Shoes. SHOES FOR ALL.

Lot Washed Solid Leather Kid Shoes with tip at \$1.25; worth \$2.00.

Lot all 12 Child's Goat School Shoe 75c; worth \$1.25.

Lot Men's Calf Shoes in Lace and Congress, shop made, \$2.25; worth \$3.00.

1 lot Boy's Shoes at 65c; worth \$1.00.

CLOTHING! For Men and Boys. CLOTHING!

Our line of Men's and Boy's Clothing never has been as well selected, and we can please the most fastidious. In Fit and Styles we are showing some Extra Bargains.

See our Men's Wool Suits at \$5.50, \$8.50 and \$9.50.

In Boy's Knee Pants Suits, we can show you suits from 95c up.

Ask to see our Boys' All Wool Suits at \$2.00; worth \$3.00.

HOUSE - FURNISHING GOODS WE CAN PLEASE YOU!

See our line of Carpets in Ingrain and Brussels, from 15c to 75c a yard.

IN FURNITURE AND STOVES

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EUREKA.

Shall I tell you where to go when you wish to purchase Your Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery-Ware and Tin? Every clerk you will find both polite and courteous. No matter how much of a hurry he is in. I can warrant you will get the worth of your dollar. The goods are all fresh: new arrivals each day. Everything you want, to the latest style of collar. Give us a call, and we'll prove all we say. Ready-made Clothing, of the cheapest, and the best. And a fine large stock of Boots and Shoes. No one need complain, they are not well dressed. If they patronize us; for we choose The very latest styles and the best wearing goods. Even Overcoats, Caps, and Gloves, we deal in: Come and see our new stock, for the workmen and dudes. Only come, if just to show your good feeling. Should you want anything you do not see, Then please be kind enough to ask for it. Or we will take your order if we happen to be Run out, and we won't make a task of it. Every order we will fill as promptly as we can. Goods delivered with least possible delay; Remember we do business on a strictly honest plan. And we hope to win custom in that way. No bankrupt stock, or auction goods, we keep In fact we have nothing but the best. There is no economy in buying those cheap Eastern goods, which, when damaged, are sent West. Very choice is our stock of Dry Goods, for the ladies. In fact, we have most everything in their line. Little hoods, and caps, and mittens for the babies. Likewise a full assortment of hosiery, cheap and fine; Embroidery, gloves and ruching, silk handkerchiefs and laces. In quality of every price and grade. Ribbons, too, and powder to beautify your faces. Oblige us and inspect our stock in trade. Now we must give you our name and location. Commence and read down the first letter of each line; On doing so you'll see a perfect combination. Making plain to every one and giving information Of the name of our firm, and where we hang our sign. Graniteville, Mo., Oct. 12th, 1892. M. W.

THE ALPINE MOUNTAINS.

A Glimpse at Some of the Far-Famed Scenes of Switzerland.

HOTEL JUNFRAU, INTERLAKEN, Switz., Sunday, Aug. 28.

Thursday morning when we got up it was raining—not a mere shower, but one of those rains that look as though they were going to last a week. Imagine our misery! Chamounix in the rain! We went on to Geneva. It was still raining. Some said it was no use to go. We debated the matter some time and finally all decided to go. At half past twelve we reached Cluses, where we had forty-five minutes for lunch. We went into a little restaurant near the depot and ordered some sandwiches of a rather talkative woman. After some time we managed to get one apiece, and then Mr. E. told her we wanted twenty-two more. You should have seen her astonishment. She raised her hands in utter surprise and then fell to work cutting more bread. Miss B. went behind the counter and helped her. I didn't have time to eat mine before the coach went and finished it on the way. It was still raining and the top of the big diligence leaked through some of the cracks. You should have seen me for over an hour mopping the ceiling with Grandma P.'s sponge in order to keep it from dripping on us. The four who sat in the back seat got wet. It was a little cold, and, altogether, the prospect for seeing Mont Blanc was not very hopeful. But before we had gone half way the clouds broke, a little blue sky appeared, and finally the sun came out over the beautiful green valleys. We had a fine view of the Glacier des Bossons from the road; it comes away down into the valley, almost to the fields of ripe grain. We could distinguish the green waves of ice. There were clouds over Mont Blanc that night. The road to Chamounix is very beautiful. We learned that more fully as we returned for then it was sunny. Most of the way the road is quite steep, so that the horses seemed to fairly crawl. Our coach held twenty-six and was drawn by six horses harnessed three abreast. The horses were changed three times during the twenty-seven miles. The last time six splendid white horses were put in, so we came into Chamounix in style. I walked through a deep grand ravine. We got to Chamounix at six o'clock, and the coach stopped on the main street. There on the sidewalk were drawn up in line as many as fifty hotel porters. At first glance I thought they were soldiers. Table-d'hôte was at half-past seven, so we had a little time before eating to go and look in the shop windows. They are very interesting in Switzerland. They have so many carved wood and bone articles, and so many stones, agates, amethysts and sapphires. Although our hotel was not very aristocratic, we had the best things to eat we had found in a long time. The fish was excellent and so was everything else. I suppose the fresh cold air from the eternal snow had something to do in making a good supper taste particularly good to us. From my window in the morning I got a fine view of Mont Blanc. The top was perfectly cloudless, but below it was shrouded in clouds and mist. At half past five we started over the same path H. took last year up Mont-anvert, over the Mer de Glace, and back from the other side. Most of the crowd hired mules to go up on. Some

hired one mule for several and took turns. All told, there were eleven mules. I determined to walk every step or die in the attempt. Several of us started on ahead, but before long we could see eleven mules and six guides. They looked like a circus. At first I walked along a quick pace, their air was so good and everything so inspiring, but before I had climbed long my speed diminished. As I climbed higher I could feel my heart beat, and my throat choked up, but after awhile I felt better. The path was steep and rocky and the rain had made it a little muddy. When we started it was cloudy and we climbed right up into the clouds. We looked down on a sea of mist. Just before we reached the top the clouds broke, and we could look away down into the green valley of the Arve. It is most beautiful, so green, with patches of yellow-ripened grain. We stopped at the top of the mountain to rest a minute, and those who hadn't brought Alpen stocks and stockings from Chamounix bought them there. Then we started over the glacier. From the top of the mountain we had a fine view of it. We had to climb down some ways, then we put on our stockings and began to cross. It isn't very dangerous. The ice is rough and in most places steps have been cut in it. The ice in some places was quite clear and looked blue, and was cut up into sharp peaks and crevices, but most of it had some earth and stones mixed with it. It seemed to be in streaks and reminded me of figured marble. Little streams of water ran over the surface of the ice. In some places there were huge cracks, very deep, with water running at the bottom. Some one told the story of a newly married couple who came to Chamounix, and when they were crossing the Mer de Glace the man fell in one of those chasms and disappeared. They told the bride that in time his body would float out below, so every year she came to watch for his body. When she was an old woman his body was found, frozen, perfectly preserved. The sight of her husband, as he was so many years before, was such a shock to her that she died. In other places there were round holes in the ice, a foot in diameter, perhaps, filled with water, and I couldn't reach the bottom with my Alpen stick. At the other side of the glacier the ice was filled with gravel and stones.

I took off my socks when I got there, so I could save them. I am going to bring them home as souvenirs. Most of the girls are taking home their Alpen stocks, but, after a long mental debate, I decided that it would be too much trouble and put romantic feelings in the background.

On the other side of the glacier, beyond the gravel and ice, was the descent called Mauvral's Pass. A staircase is cut into the almost perpendicular rock and an iron railing is put up to help people down. The mules were brought round and the people rode down. I had several offers to ride, but refused them all. I didn't get nearly as tired as I did walking the sixteen miles on the Pluegen Pass. That was nearly a four and a half hour walk and this nearly six. Just as we started down we got a glorious view of Mont Blanc and the adjoining mountains. Their peaks arose from a mass of clouds. Mont Blanc seemed to take half the space between the zenith and horizon. Coming down, too, we got a more extended view of the beautiful

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valley with its winding river. It was one of the sights of Switzerland to me. The mule riders had a little adventure coming home. Miss M.'s mule took to kicking when Miss N. passed her and nearly threw her off. Then Miss P.'s mule got started and jounced her until her glasses fell off. She hunted a long time for them, but was unable to find them. There was a gold chain on them, and, altogether, they were worth twenty dollars, and her eyes pained her without them. She bought some more in Geneva. Mr. R. and I were the only ones who didn't ride at all. Two others rode a short time. I am only slightly lame, and feel very proud of my walking capacities. Miss P. made a pun to-day, which isn't bad. She asked me if I knew that I sponged my way to Chamounix.

Some Things I Saw at the Exposition and Fair.

Ed. Register.—Tuesday morning, after a good night's rest and a good breakfast, Charley and I took the electric cars for St. Louis, to put in the day at the Exposition hall. We commenced with the art gallery, where we saw the greatest variety of photos of all sizes, from the smallest to the largest; photos of men of renown, and men of lower estate and men of no estate; women beautiful and women that were not beautiful; photos of boys and girls; photos of beasts and birds, photos of things animate and things inanimate, photos of land and water; and pictures painted both large and small, pictures of mountains and plains, pictures of oceans and seas, pictures of rocks and rills, and wooded hills, pictures of war and pictures of peace, and such a variety to try to particularize would take days and weeks.

But I saw two very large pictures that covered a large space, I should think as large as a good sized side of a house. One was the picture of the landing of Federal troops at Helena. The river covered with boats, loaded down with soldiers and all the munitions of war. On the heights were soldiers in camp. As I sat and looked at it, it brought back all of the scenes of those days when no man felt he had a country to call his own.

The other was General Robert E. Lee, surrender of the Confederate army. Those were historic pictures. After looking at these two pictures, all of the other pictures seemed to lose all their beauty and attraction for me, so we moved on through all of the different parts of that vast hall.

Every now and then we would find something that would especially attract our attention; for instance, all of those precious stones displayed in Mermoid & Jaccards' rich display. Such beautiful things made of gold and silver, and all of the precious stones. As I stood I could but think of the Queen of Sheba, as she looked at all of the wealth and glory of Solomon's grand display. No, they had not told me the half; and at other places where we saw all of the rich material and rich robes fit for kings and queens to wear; at other places we saw many things that we, in all of our every day life, make use of, such as sewing machines and all of their different parts.

At one place we passed a castle made of coal; before the door of the castle was a large box full of chestnut coal, a young man stood with his hands full of blanks for each visitor to fill and put in a box in the castle: "How many tons of coal are there in the walls of the castle, and how many pieces of coal in the box? The one that guesses the nearest, gets three tons of coal."

As we descend to the lower hall, we come to the fishery, we see great tanks with glass sides, the bottom covered with sand, and rocks large and small; from the center a fountain sends up a stream of water, which falls back into the tank. You can see fish floating and swimming around of all sorts and sizes; here you see little perch and big perch; now just look at that big old shovelnose catfish, two feet long if he is an inch; just look at that! did you ever see such a big carp? full two feet long. Oh, isn't he a beauty! just look how his scales shine as he turns and the light shines on him.

And there you see a crowd who seem to be fascinated, rooted to the spot, for they won't leave the place seemingly

for hours. Oh, the concert, let's hurry up to the grand hall; how the people come pouring in by hundreds and thousands, until every seat is occupied, not room to set your foot. The hall is filled from pit to dome. And as we wait, with eyes fixed on the entrance, waiting, waiting; Oh, here they come from each side of the stage, one hundred of them! Some with big brass horns, some with little horns, some with flutes and some with clarionets; as the leader comes in front and turns to that vast audience and makes his bow, the band plays so soft and sweet like "Flow gently, sweet Afton," then louder and clearer, until the music seems to fill every part of the hall with melody. After the band had played several pieces, a young man with a trombone, came to the front and faces the audience and plays, "Swanee River," accompanied by two or three flutes and clarionets. Oh, how hushed the audience, as he plays that sweet old plantation song! "All do work! am sad an' dreary, obby whar I roam." How still and hushed, silent, not a sound to be heard. As the sounds died softly away, the whole audience as one, now clapped their hands, and would not be quieted until the leader called him back; until he had been called and recalled four times. I felt as though this must be a little bit of heaven. They say, "Glimore is dead," but his band is not dead.

After the concert is over, we retrace our steps and once more enter the main building, and descend to the lower floor among the machinery and implement departments, where you find every kind of machinery, every kind of tool, every kind of carriage and buggy, road carts, sulky and everything on wheels.

As it is getting late, and we have to ride clear down to South St. Louis and back before the illumination and Veiled Prophets, we must leave all these grand sights, but as we feel thirsty we will stop at this ice-cream stall and take a plate of cream first; now we must be off for we have no time to spare.

As we go home we meet car after car loaded, yes packed, full of people going to the city to see the sights, and the streets are full of all kinds of vehicles, from wagons from the country to spring wagons, carriages of all sorts, and every now and then you pass a road cart with a young man and his Sunday girl at his side.

When we return to the city, what a sight as you move along with the vast crowd, as they all move along looking at the thousand lights on each side of the streets. And above you see arches spanning the streets all lighted by electricity; out there in the street stands the Goddess of Liberty, with the National flag all lighted up. The lights are made to come in waves; a wave of light crosses the flag, then a wave of dark, which makes it look as though the flag was waving in the breeze.

When a doctor considers it necessary to prescribe Sarsaparilla, he simply orders a bottle of Ayer's, knowing full well that he will obtain thereby a surer and purer preparation than any other which the drug-store can furnish. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine.

Facts and Figures.

There are 197 publication and news agents in St. Louis, and, according to the official figures given by Mr. Jno. B. Harlow, Postmaster, all of these sent out, during the month of July, 1892, 829 pounds of second-class mail matter, which includes all newspapers and periodicals mailed from the office of publication. Of this total, *The St. Louis Republic* mailed 329,139 pounds, or about one-third of all, which fact tells its own story as to the wonderful popularity and large circulation of the great Democratic Newspaper of the West and Southwest.

THE "TWICE-A-WEEK" REPUBLIC is at once the best and the cheapest newspaper published in America. It will be indispensable during this campaign of education, and will be mailed to any address from now until November 30, for Thirty Cents, or in clubs of ten or more received at one time, for Twenty-five Cents each. Remember This is for a Great Semi-Weekly Paper. Send in your orders at once. Sample copies free. Address, *The Republic*, St. Louis, Mo.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.